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# THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT  
WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1900.

NO. 41.

## THE CITIZEN

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### IDEAS.

Practice sometimes makes a perfect nuisance.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Frodue.

Men are deceived about nothing so much as about their motives.

Sign-boards are good during the journey. It is the art of life not to carry them about after the journey.

Truth is moral dynamite: can be put down safely enough but can be thrown down only with an explosion.

### Foreign News.

Queen Victoria is contemplating a visit to Ireland.

The British losses in the war up to the present time are nearly 16,500.

German newspapers are quite opposed to allowing any Boers to enter German Southwest Africa, in case England should annex the Transvaal.

Dispatches say there is a most unfriendly feeling between the Boers of the Transvaal and those of the Orange Free State. The latest news is the Boers are strongly entrenched near Mafeking and are shelling the town.

Financial reports from various sources throughout the world go to show that the money capital of the entire universe makes the neat sum total of something over twelve billion dollars. Of this sum the United States possesses about one fourth.

### National News.

About 2,000 machinists are on a strike in Cleveland.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey are taking a trip through the South.

The Standard Oil Company has declared \$20,000,000 in dividends.

The new Philippine Commission will sail April 15 from San Francisco.

Olga Nethersole, the actress, has been indicted for playing "Sopho" in New York.

Secretary Root has authorized Gov. Gen. Davis at San Juan to give employment upon public works to surplus labor on the island.

Conditions in Porto Rico are daily becoming more serious. Food has advanced in price 100 per cent. and many are starving.

This year promises to be one of great prosperity for the South. New factories, cotton, paper, and saw mills, and creameries are starting up in great numbers. Cassava plantations are attracting much attention in Florida. Every week brings scores of immigrants to the South land to find homes.

### Kentucky News.

It is rumored that Congress may be asked to investigate Kentucky's political situation.

Over three hundred families have come into the state this Spring and settled between Danville and Richmond.

Wharton Golden's testimony in regard to the assassination of Mr. Goebel is being taken this week.

A delegation of Kentucky republicans called on President McKinley, but were unable to obtain any promises of assistance.

Asa Martin, the Winchester weather prophet, predicts that this section of Kentucky will be visited with nine more snows before the winter is over.

President Holcomb, of Burning Springs College, Clay county, lectured in Louisville recently on "The Mountain People of Kentucky." His object was to correct some false impressions and to show that the people of the mountains needed education more than anything else.

Samuel Philpot, a member of the famous Philpot family of Clay county, was brought to this city Wednesday by Sheriff Beverly White and placed in jail for safe keeping. It is charged that Philpot killed a man by the name of Ed. Rogers near Manchester several years ago. It was thought best to bring him here until his trial.—Pantagraph.

### Locals and Personals.

Geo. Powe is the author of the "Report Book" this term.

Miss Minnie Davis was ill last week, but is better now.

Miss Nora Asbell, of Kingston, has been the guest of Mrs. Dr. Cornelius the past week.

Messrs. J. Burdette and J. W. Herndon were business visitors in Richmond last Friday.

J. T. Herd, of Livingston, father of John D. Herd, who is in school here, visited Berea last week.

We are glad to note that Dr. Lusk is able to be about on our streets again after a long illness.

Orders for the Louisville Daily and Weekly, Commercial, sent direct to your address, will be taken at this office.

We learn that Lewis McClanahan, formerly of Hustonville, Ky., and a former student at Berea, is now clerking in Cincinnati.

Edwin Embree left Friday noon to represent our Y. M. C. A. at the State convention at Georgetown which continues until next Tuesday.

Mrs. A. F. Fish has fixed up and had the front of her millinery shop painted, preparatory to displaying her new stock of millinery goods.

The Register of last Friday, contains, with proper credit to the CITIZEN, the resolutions adopted by the Mountain Students recently.

Have you a cough? A dose of COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR will relieve it. Price, 25 cents and 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

John Mullins who was arrested here last week and taken to Mt. Vernon for trial, confessed his guilt and was bound over to circuit court under a bond of \$250.

Geo. F. Bengel, former student who was for three years in the army and now working in Washington D. C., is visiting friends and relatives in Berea.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts" take HERBINE, it will brace you up. Price, 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

There were several news items came in last Tuesday too late to get into type. We appreciate such interest, but ask that all news be handed us Monday evening if possible.

The results of an over-indulgence in food or drink are promptly rectified, without pain or discomfort, by taking a few doses of HERBINE. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

An unpardonable error went through our issue last week when we intended to say that Prof. Mason would visit the Bavarian and Hungarian Alps on his trip this Summer.

If your child is cross or peevish, it is no doubt troubled with worms. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will remove the worms, and its tonic effect restore its natural cheerfulness. Price, 25 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The Utile Dulce Literary Society elected the following officers last Friday night: President, Miss Grace Stokes; Vice-president, Miss Elodie Paddock; Secretary, Miss Rose Miller; Treasurer, Miss Toliver; Marshal, Miss Elizabeth Marsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams are meeting with good success in their physical culture class, and are giving three lessons daily. The work that they are giving is something everyone should take and know something about, and put in use continually. Those who have taken the course feel well satisfied with the work and the class will probably continue their exercises the rest of the term.

Wm. Robe, proprietor of the Old Indian Forte on East Pinnacle, and his hospitable wife are kept busy these bright warm days entertaining the many visitors who flock to the Pinnacle on excursion trips. The scenery and climate of the place are quite inviting and refreshing. There are many historical facts connected with the Old Forte which Mr. Robe is able to prove by discoveries he has made. His last discovery has been to the effect that the Indians must have used Ballard's Obelisk Flour, for in one of the cliffs he recently found a rusty, battered tin cup bearing Ballard's Obelisk Flour.

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## COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

Mrs. Coddington is having a new wire fence put around her residence.

Miss M. Alice Titus entertained a number of her young friends at her home last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mason, of White's Station, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Lusk last week.

Harold Johnston gave a spread to a number of his gentleman friends last Monday evening.

A Mr. Hale will give an eloquent entertainment at the Chapel Saturday evening. Admission, 25 cents.

W. C. Cawood was in Berea yesterday on his way home from a trip taking logs from Booneville to High Bridge.

Sergt. F. Wharton Golden, probably the most talked of man in Kentucky, was in Richmond a few hours Monday of last week.

Lady John Scott Spottiswood, who composed the music of "Annie Laurie" and many other familiar melodies, died last week in London in her ninety-second year.

Arrangements are being made whereby the citizens of Richmond may listen to the services being conducted at the Christian church. A transmitter is to be placed upon the pulpit and all who have telephones in their homes can listen to the song service and preaching.

"Rural Wealth and Welfare" is a work on political and social economy which is prepared particularly for the farmer, by George T. Fairchild vice-president of Berea College. Prof. Fairchild discussed the fundamental principles of wealth, production, capital, labor, transportation, social conditions, and the like, but draws his facts largely from rural subjects, and makes them apply with especial force to country conditions and problems. Dr. Fairchild has been a life-long teacher of these subjects, and the book, which is one of "The Rural Science" series by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell university, will speak with authority. It will be published by the Macmillan Company—Chicago Journal.

We owe an apology to Prof. Dodge and to our readers for not expressing our appreciation of the Favour Lecture a week ago last Monday night. Our note of the same was accidentally misplaced and did not get into type last week. The lecture was good from beginning to end and was interest to all, but probably the Physics classes got the most benefit, as many things, clouded in their minds, were enlightened by the clear explanations and experiments. The Professor expressed a desire to return to Berea at some future date, and all hope he will be able to do so. The students should feel grateful to Professor Dodge for such lectures as we have been able to listen to this past season, as he has shown his loyalty to them by doing much work and worry to secure the best lectures at the least possible admission fee, without any remuneration whatever for his labor, and sometime having to meet the deficiency out of his own pocket.



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### Madison County.

James Young has been appointed post-master at Dreyfus, to succeed J. S. Ogg, who resigned.

Mr. C. C. Cain and Miss Lula Turpin, of Waco were married near College Hill and Mr. Frank Dickerson and Miss Fannie Cain were married near Waco last week.—Register.

The April term of the Madison Circuit Court will begin on Monday, April 2. The docket, which consists of criminal, civil and equity cases, is probably the lightest ever known in this Court.

Abner Shearer, aged 76, died at his home near Brookstown, a week ago last Sunday of Brights Disease. Mr. Shearer was one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of the county and will be greatly missed in his community. Deceased leaves a wife and seven children to cherish his memory. The sympathy of the entire county is extended to them in this hour of trouble. The remains were laid to rest in the family burying ground the following Tuesday.

No business place, no matter how gaudy its decorations, can survive without patronage. There can be no supporting income where there are few sales, and there can be little selling where advertising is not invoked to bring custom. By advertising liberally the shrewd merchant secures patronage, sells freely, and not only sustains his business but is enabled to enlarge it.—Phila. Record.

Some men chew their plug tobacco;  
Some men never work their jaw  
Except to chew the rag.  
Some men put their ads. in papers,  
Some men put them on the fence,  
Some men never advertise at all  
But they ought to have more sense.



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Through an arrangement made when the Paris Exposition was first suggested, we now have ready for distribution the first Franco-American Souvenir spoons made. These spoons are of beautiful design, silver handle—with gold bowl—on which is engraved the American and French coats of arms. Each Spoon packed in neat jeweler's box.

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# THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY.

Boys in Nebraska carry, when hunting, a coil of hose about an inch in diameter, which they pay out down a rabbit hole until the bottom is reached, meanwhile drawing the mouth of a sack over the hole. A cheerful shout down the hose brings the rabbit out at his best pace, plump into the sack.

One of the latest German inventions is beer lozenges. These are made of the powder obtained by evaporating lager beer, and contains all the ingredients of this popular beverage. The only needful thing to turn them into a sparkling ale is to dissolve them in some water to which some carbonic acid gas has been added.

A porcelain factory in Graefenthal, Germany, has received an order from England for 5,000 dozen figures representing a wounded British soldier, with bandaged head, standing up erect, gun in hand, ready to face the approaching enemy despite his wounds. A second order is for a number of British sailors standing by their guns pointed at the enemy.

The care that the watches of railway men receive is shown in the regulations recently adopted by a western railway for its employees. Seventeen-jeweled watches are required. They must be inspected every three months and must be submitted to the inspector once a week for registration. No employee is permitted to set his watch or to change its movements unless it should chance to run down.

So rigorous is the news censorship in South Africa that one might easily believe Lord Roberts has adopted the plan chosen by Gen. Moltke during the Franco-Prussian war. The general one morning sent for a well known English correspondent and said: "Mr. Blank, on such and such a day the German army will make such and such a movement. If this appears in the paper you represent you will at once be shot!" The correspondent took the hint.

M. Picard, commissioner general of the 1900 exhibition, has been informed by the president of the jewelry section that an enormous diamond from Kimberley will be exhibited in the jewelry pavilion. The stone was found shortly before the war. It has been insured for \$2,000,000, and will be exhibited in a show case guarded by four policemen. The new diamond is said to be finer than the Regent, the Shah, the Grand Mogul and the famous Koh-i-noor.

Over 100 miles of beach has been prospected at Cape Nome, Alaska, and yet no man may say where the golden sands begin or end. The formation of this beach country is precisely the same as that of the "bogs" in Ireland and Scotland. It is called the "Tundra." All along the surface is the marsh, filled with matted moss, which the Scotch and Irish call peat, and which may be dried and used for fuel, an important matter where timber is so difficult of access.

Among the wounded soldiers who arrived at Southampton the other day from South Africa was Private O'Leary, whose case was remarkable. He was shot in the head during the battle of Colenso. The bullet lodged in his brain, rendering him speechless, sightless and paralyzed. His life was despaired of, but Sir William MacCormac, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, who was acting as volunteer surgeon with the British army in South Africa, removed a portion of the wounded man's brain, extracted the bullet, and O'Leary has since practically recovered.

American capital is very much in evidence in Mexico, and has been for some years, but not until a few weeks ago has any American ever had any voice in the government of the City of Mexico, where a large part of American capital is centered. The last elected to the city council is George Braniff, son of Thomas Braniff, reputed to be the wealthiest American in the republic of Mexico. The Yankee councilman is but 23 years of age, and is a large dealer in machinery. He was placed by the president of the council at the head of the committee of coaches.

Judging from the reports of the registrar general of New Zealand, that fine martial race, the Maoris, is going the way of all aborigines whose country has been colonized by the whites. They may not become absolutely extinct for a few more decades, but their doom is sealed. Among the causes officially assigned for the thinning of their numbers are the high infantile mortality resulting from improper food, exposure and the want of ordinary care, constitutions debilitated by past debauchery, and the belief in native doctors and the neglect of the sick.

The Venture corporation, of London, has just made final payment to W. S. Stratton for his Independence mine, Cripple Creek, by a check for \$6,300,000. A year ago, while in London, Stratton sold his mine for \$10,000,000, of which \$3,500,000 was paid down. The mine was staked by Stratton on July 4, 1891. The price of the company's stock places the value of the mine at \$15,000,000. Stratton regards the sale of the mine as a mistake, believing he might have realized more than twice that sum from the output.

## RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

He longed to be great and he longed to rise. And they laughed at him; He studied books till he strained his eyes. And they laughed at him! His tongue was thick, but his will was strong; His ears were big and his legs were long. In a hundred ways his plans went wrong. And they laughed at him. He held his course day after day. And they laughed at him; He packed his satchel and went away. And they laughed at him! They heard of the blunders he made in town. In his awkward efforts to win renown— To them he was merely a foolish clown. And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name. They were proud of him; He was getting up, he was winning fame. They were proud of him! He went down among them there today. And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say. They "always knew he'd make his way." And they're proud of him!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



A stirring story of Army Life in the Philippines. [Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

### CHAPTER V.

There had been a morning of jubilee in the camp of the Fifth Separate brigade, and a row in the tents of the regulars. Up to within a fortnight such a state of affairs would have been considered abnormal, for the papers would have it that the former were on the verge of dissolution through plague, pestilence and famine due to the neglect of officials vaguely referred to as "the military authorities," or "the staff," while up to the coming of Canker to command sweet accord had reigned in the regular brigade, and the volunteers looked on with envy. But now a great martial magnate had praised the stalwart citizen soldiery whom he had passed in review early in the day, and set them to shouting by the announcement that, as reward for their hard work and assiduous drill, they should have their heart's desire and be shipped across the seas to far Manila. It had all been settled beforehand at headquarters. The "chief" had known for four days that that particular command would be selected for the next expedition, but it tickled "the boys" to have it put that way, and the home papers would make so much of it. So there was singing and triumph and rejoicing all along the eastern verge of a rocky, roughly paved cross street, and rank blasphemy across the way. To the scandal and sorrow of the—tenth infantry some of the recent robberies had been traced to their very doors. A commissary sergeant had "weakened," a cartman had squealed, and one of the most popular and attractive young soldiers in the whole command was now a prisoner in the guardhouse charged with criminal knowledge of the whole affair, and of being a large recipient of the ill-gotten money—Morton, of the adjutant's office, a private in company K.

What made it worse was the allegation that several others, non-commissioned officers and "special duty men," were mixed up in the matter, and Canker had rapped the whole commissioned force present for duty in his lecture upon the subject and had almost intimated that officers were conniving at the concealment of the guilt of their sergeants rather than have it leak out that the felony was committed in a company of their commanding.

He and Gordon had had what was described as a "red-hot" row, all because Gordon flatly declared that while something was queer about the case of the young clerk, he'd bet his bottom dollar he wasn't a thief. Canker said such language was a reflection on himself, as he had personally investigated the case, was convinced Morton's guilt could be established, and had so reported to the brigade commander in recommending trial by general court-martial. It had even before he was arrested and returned to camp. Gordon asked if he had seen the boy and heard his story. Canker reddened and said he hadn't, and he didn't mean to and didn't have to. Gordon said he had—he had talked with the lad fully and freely on his being brought to camp toward nine o'clock, and was greatly impressed with his story—as would anyone else who heard it. Canker reddened still more and said he wouldn't allow officers to interview prisoners without his authority. "I'll prefer charges against the next that does it," said he.

And not three hours later, Mr. Billy Gray, sprawling on his camp cot, striving to forget the sorrow of the earlier morning, and to memorize a page of paragraphs of army regulations, was suddenly accosted by an orderly who stood at the front of the tent, scratching at the tent flap—the camp substitute for a ring at the bell.

"A note for the lieutenant," said he, darting in and then darting out, possibly fearful of question. It was a queer note:

"I am a total stranger to you, but I wore in brighter days the badge of the same society that was yours at the university. Three of the fraternity are in my company—one is on guard and he urged me to write at once to you. They know me to be a brother Delt, even though I dare not tell my real name. What I have to say is that the charge against me is utterly false, as I can convince you, but could not convince a court. I am confined at the moment of all others in my life when it is most vital important that I should be free. Grant me ten minutes' interview this afternoon and if I do not prove myself guiltless I will ask no favor—but when I do convince you, do as you would be done by.

"Yours in A. S. X.

"GEORGE MORTON."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said Mr. Gray, as he rolled out of his gray blanket. "Here's a state of things! Listen to this, captain," he called to his company commander in the adjoining tent. "Here's Morton, back from 48 hours' absence without leave, brought back by armed guard after sharp resistance, charged with Lord knows what all, wants to tell me his story and prove his innocence."

"You let him alone," growled his senior. "Remember what Canker said, or you'll go in arrest. What call has Morton on you, I'd like to know?"

The lad flushed. Fraternity was a very sacred thing in the A. S. X. It was "the most exclusive crowd at the 'varsity.' Its membership was pledged to one another by unusual ties. It was the hardest society for a fellow to get into in any one of the seven colleges where it flourished, and its mystic bonds were not shaken off with the silken gown and "mortar board" of undergraduate days, but followed its membership through many a maturer year. It was a society most college men might ask to join in vain. Money, social station, influence were powerless. Not until a student had been under observation two whole years and was thoroughly known could he hope for a "bid" to become a "Delta Sig." Not until another six months of probation could he sport its colors, and not until he formally withdrew from its fold, in post graduation years, could he consider himself absolved from its mild obligations. But the boast of the "Delta Sig" had ever been that no one of its membership had ever turned a deaf ear to a fellow in need of aid. Who of its originators ever dreamed of such a thing as its drifting into and becoming a factor in the affairs of the regular army?

No wonder Gray stood for a moment, the paper still in his hands, irresolute, even disturbed. Not to answer the appeal meant to run counter to all the tenets of his fraternity. To answer might mean arrest and court-martial for deliberate disobedience of orders. Canker has no more mercy than an Indian. It was barely 48 hours since he had been publicly warned by an experienced old captain that he would find no "guardian angel" in Squeers. It would seriously mar his prospects to start now with Squeers "down on him," and as that lynx-eyed commander was ever on watch for infractions of orders, Billy well knew that he could not hope to escape and talk with the prisoner and Canker not hear of it. To ask permission of Canker would only make matters worse—he was sure to refuse and then re-emphasize his orders and redouble his vigilance. To ask the consent of the officer of the day or the connivance of the officer of the guard was to invite them to court arrest and trial on their own account. He couldn't do that. Even to oblige a brother Delt. If only Ned Craven were officer of the guard something might be done—he was a college man, too, and though not a "Delt," but rather of a rival set, he "would understand" and possibly help. Guard mount was held toward dusk, and that was four hours away, at least. The prisoner's note and tone were urgent. An idea occurred to Billy: What if he could get Gordon to let him "go on" this very evening? It wasn't his tour. He had "marched off" only two days before, as he well remembered, for Canker "had roughed" him up and down about that little error in copying the list of prisoners from the report of the previous day. Moreover, he had counted on going to town right after "retreat," dining at the Palace, an extravagance not to be thought of at other times, so as to be on hand when the Primes and Amy Lawrence came down to dinner. He had planned it all—even to the amount of surprise he was to exhibit when he should discover about when he had finished his own dinner that they were just beginning theirs, and the extent and degree of pleasurable emotion he might venture on showing as he hastened over to greet them, and accepted their offer to be seated with them, even if he had been so unkind as to dine beforehand, instead of with them. He had set his heart on having a chat with Miss Lawrence as part recompense for all he had lost that morning, and all this he was thinking of while still fumbling over that disturbing note. Time was getting short, too; there was no telling how much longer they might stay. Mr. Prime had brought his only daughter all that long journey across the continent on the assurance that the boy he loved, with whom he had quarreled, and whom, in his anger, he had sorely rebuked, had enlisted there in San Francisco and was serving in a regiment at the great camp west of the city. He had come full of hope and confidence; he had found the young soldier described, and, in his bitter disappointment, he declared there was no resemblance to justify the report sent him by the boy's own uncle, who vowed he had met him with comrades on the main street of the city, that the recognition was mutual, for the boy had darted around the first corner and escaped. His companions were scattered by the time Mr. Lawrence turned to the spot, after a brief, fruitless search, but private detectives had taken it up and "located" young Prime and telegraphed the father in the distant east.

Now, Mr. Lawrence was away on business of his own. Written assurances that he couldn't be mistaken lost weight, and Mr. Prime, disheartened, was merely waiting the report of an agent who thought he had traced the boy to Tampa. In 24 hours he might spirit his daughter away on another chase, and then there would be no further warrant for Miss Lawrence's remaining in the city. She would return to her lovely home in one of the loveliest of California valleys, miles away from the raw fogs and chills of the Golden Gate, and would be no more seen among the camps. That, said Billy Gray to himself, would take every bit of sunshine from his life.

All this detail, or much of it, he had learned from the fair lips of Miss Lawrence herself, for Mr. Prime and his daughter seemed to shrink from speaking of the matter. From the first Miss Amy had had to take the young gentleman under her personal wing, as it were. In her desire to aid her uncle and cousins in every way, and knowing them to be strangers to the entire camp, she had eagerly sent for him as the first familiar or friendly object she saw. Then when he came and was presented, and proved to possess little interest to the careworn man and his anxious and devoted child, it devolved upon Miss Lawrence to make much of Billy in proportion as they made little of him, and for three days or so the little young fellow seemed fairly to walk on air. Moreover, she had taken him into family confidences in telling him of the missing son and brother, for both her uncle and cousin, she said, were so sensitive about it they could not talk to anyone except when actually necessary. They had learned, as it were, on the general and on Col. Armstrong for a day, and then seemed to draw away from both. They even seemed to take it much amiss that her father had to be absent when they came, though they had sent no word, until late, of their coming. He was on his return, might arrive any hour, but so might they go. Now if Billy could only discover that missing son—

Then came an inspiration! Pencil-ing a brief note he gave it to a soldier of his company and bade him take it to the guard tents. It told Morton of the colonel's orders, issued that very day, and bade him be patient—he hoped and believed opportunity would be afforded for an interview that evening. Then he hunted up a subaltern of his own grade whom he knew would probably be the detail for officer-of-the-guard that evening. "Brooke," he said, "will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing? I have—I'd like mightily to exchange if it's all the same to you."

Brooke hesitated. He had social hopes and aspirations of his own. By "swapping" with Gray he might find himself doomed to a night in camp when he had accepted for some pleasant function in town.

"Thought you were keen to go in to-night—right after retreat," he hazarded.

"Well, I was," said Gray, pulling his drab campaign hat down over his eyes to shut out the glare of the westerling sun. "But I've got—a new wrinkle."

"Some bid for Friday? That's your tour, isn't it?" And Brooke began



"Will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing?"

counting on his fingers. "Wait till I look at my notebook. Friday? Why, that's the night of the Burton's card party—thought you didn't know them."

"I don't," said Gray, glad enough to escape the other question. "And you hate card parties, you know you do. It's a go, is it? I'll see Gordon at once." And off he went, leaving Brooke to wonder why he should be so bent on the arrangement.

But Gordon proved an unexpected foe to the plan. "Can't be done, Billy," said he, sentimentally. "Canker watches those details like a hawk. He hasn't forgotten you only came off two days ago, and if I were to mount you to-night he'd mount me—with both feet."

"Think there's any use in asking him?" queried the boy, tossing a backward glance toward Canker's tent.

"Not unless you're suffering for another snub. That man loves to say no as much as any girl I ever asked, and he doesn't do it to be coaxing, either. Best leave it alone, Billy."

And then the unexpected happened. Into the tent, with a quick, impetuous step, came the commanding officer himself, and something had occurred to stir that gentleman to the core. His eyes were snapping and his head was high.

"Mr. Gordon," said he, "here's more of this pilfering business, and now they're beginning to find out it isn't all in my camp by a damned sight. I want that letter copied at once." Then with a glance at Gray, who had whipped off his cap and was standing in respectful attitude, he changed his tone from the querulous, half treble of complaint. "What's this you'd best leave alone?" he suddenly demanded. "There are a dozen things you'd best leave alone and a dozen you would do well to cultivate and study. When I was—however, I never was a lieutenant except in war time, when they amounted to something. I got my professional knowledge in front of the enemy—not at any damned charity school. You're here to ask some new indulgence, I suppose. Want to stay in town over night and fritter away your money and the time the government pays for. No, sir; you can't have my consent. You will be back in camp at 12 o'clock, and stop and report your return to the officer of the guard, so that I may know the hour you come in. Who's officer of the guard to-night, Mr. Gordon?"

"Mr. Brooke, sir."

"Mr. Brooke! Why, I thought I told you he was to take those prisoners in town to-morrow. He has to testify before that court in the case of Sergt.

Kelly and it saves my sending another officer and having two of our lieutenants away from drill and hanging around the Bohemian club. Detail somebody else!"

"All right, sir," answered Gordon, imperturbably. "Make any odds, sir, who is detailed?"

Canker had turned to his desk and was tossing over the papers with nervous hand. Gray impulsively stepped forward, his eyes kindling with hope, it was on the tip of his tongue to launch into a proffer of his own services for the detail, but Gordon hastily warned him back with a sweep of the hand and a portentous scowl.

"No. One's as bad as the other. Next thing I know some of 'em will be letting prisoners' escape right under my nose, making us the laughing stock of these damned militia volunteers."

(Canker entered service in '61 as a private in a city company that was militia to the tip of its spike-tailed coats, but he had forgotten it.) "I want these young idlers to understand distinctly, by George, that the first prisoner that gets away from this post takes somebody's commission with him. D'you hear that, Mr. Gray?" And Canker turned and glared at the bright blue eyes as though he would like to blast their clear fires with the breath of his disapprobation. "Has that young fellow, Morton, been put in irons yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on Gordon again.

"Think not, sir. Supplies limited. Officer of the day reported half an hour ago every set was in use. Sent over to division quartermaster and he answered we had a dozen more—we were entitled to now. Wanted to know 'if we meant to iron the whole regiment'—"

"The hell he did!" raged Canker. "I'll settle that in short order. My horse there, orderly! I'll be back by four, Mr. Gordon. Fix that detail to suit yourself." And so saying the irascible colonel flung himself out of the tent and into his saddle.

"You young idiot," said Gordon, whirling on Billy the moment the coast was clear. "You came within an ace of ruining the whole thing. Never ask Canker for anything, unless it's what you wish to be rid of. Tell Brooke you're for guard, and he's to go to town instead."

"Hopping mad," as he himself afterward expressed it, Col. Canker had ridden over to "have it out" with the quartermaster who had ventured to comment on his methods, but the sight of the commanding general, standing alone at the entrance to his private tent, his pale face grayer than ever and a world of trouble in his eyes, compelled Canker to stop short. Two or three orderlies were on the run. Two aide-de-camp, Capt. Garrison and a comrade were searching through desks and boxes, their faces grave and concerned. The regimental commander was off his horse in a second. "Anything amiss, general?" he asked, with soldierly salute.

The general turned slowly toward him. "Can our men sell letters," he said, "as well as food and forage? Do people buy such things? A most important package has been—stolen from my tent."

(To Be Continued.)

### Certainly Worth Something.

In a rural community in one of the middle states dwelt a man who made a vow in 1856 that he would wear his hair and beard untrimmed until John C. Fremont should be elected president of the United States. He kept the vow for 40 years, at the end of which time he had nearly a half bushel of hair on his head and face. Then, coming to the conclusion, toward which his mind had been gradually working for a long time, that Gen. Fremont's death in the interval had practically absolved him from his vow, he decided to have his hair cut and his beard shaved off clean. On his next visit to the county-seat he went to a barber-shop and was soon relieved of the hirsute burden he had carried for four decades. "How much?" he asked. "Have to charge you half a dollar for that job," said the barber, looking at the mass that lay on the floor. "Half a dollar!" he gasped. "Don't I get anything for the hair?"—Youth's Companion.

### Would Not Tell Her Name.

She had just come up from Mississippi to "hire out" in Memphis, and all of her friends at home promised to write to her. After the new of the city wore off and the ache of homesickness began to make itself felt she went to the "general delivery" at the post office to inquire for her mail. She still has her moss-grown suspicion of "town folks," and their dark and devious ways, so she marched aggressively up to the general delivery window and demanded: "Any letters here for me?" "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Tain't none of yo' business what my name is!," she responded, indignantly, and without further parley she left the post office angrily muttering to herself: "I ain't gwine to tell that white man what my name is. Lak to know what business 'tis o' hisn what my name is." The cautious old body didn't hear from home that day.—Memphis Scimitar.

### Another Convert.

Miles—What do you think of this faith-cure business?

Giles—Oh, it's all right. I tried it once and was completely cured.

Miles—Indeed! Of what were you cured?

Giles—Of my faith in it. — Chicago Daily News.

### Sufficient.

Mrs. Ashley—Isn't this new prayer rug of mine pretty?

Mr. Speakly—Yes, but isn't it very small?

"Well, it is large enough for all my prayers."—N. Y. World.

### A Correct Guess.

Brown—What do you think of the walking dresses the women have now? "They'll not wear them long."—Detroit Free Press.

## Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scurful Scald Head Salt Rheum Boils, Pimples All kinds of Humor Psoriasis Blood Poisoning Psoriasis Catarrh Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

### MOTIVES MISUNDERSTOOD.

How the Unpleasant History of a Swell Young Man Struck a Hotel Clerk.

There is a young business man who has more history than he knows what to do with. He was quite recently on a business trip, and happened to stop for a couple of days in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some advertising, but he was not fixed to pay for it, and he had read about the "king of the dukes" and other freaks who manage to get some brief notoriety because of their antics. He had ten dollars to spare on a scheme, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at 50 cents a pair. He spent the money on these things, and he went out of his way to get the most outrageous combinations of color and the most bizarre effects that were in the place. He succeeded wonderfully. He had socks which made the asphalt sidewalks curl as they do under extreme heat. His extremities fairly shrank. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about 20 minutes, go to his room, change, and, coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and, naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention. That was what he wanted, but he could not break into the newspapers. The clerk when he was paying his bill said: "You ought to patent that invention."

"What's that?" asked the sock man with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme.

"Don't you do that for cold feet?"—Pittsburgh Daily News.

### Was All Face.

The governor general of Canada, while enjoying a drive in the keen, frosty air, met an Indian who was very lightly clad. From mere curiosity he stopped the sleigh when opposite the Indian and asked him how it was he could withstand the cold under so light a covering. The Indian, without a moment's hesitation, answered by asking: "How your face not cold?"

The governor general explained in his simplest English how it was that, the skin of his face having been exposed to the weather always, it naturally had hardened. The Indian waited till the white man was through, then, with an utterly expressionless countenance, he said:

"Me all face," and went his way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Backaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the backaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Planning to Paper This Spring?

There is nothing that will so COM- PLETELY TRANS- FORM your HOME in point of HEALTH and BEAUTY as our SELECT WALL PAPER. We carry all the latest designs and patterns from the best of Europe and America. Our prices are low. Our large trade enables us to handle the complete line of PAPER HANGING. We can give you all the help and advice you need. All charges prepaid. FREE upon request. Our Spring Catalogue of 1,000 pages, illustrating some of the new designs in PAPER, COLORED, will be sent to you FREE of charge. Write for it at once. It will be refunded on receipt of your first order. Write to JOHN M. SMITH COMPANY, 150 to 160 West Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.



## THE PLACE FOR A POOR MAN.

Alameda, N. W. T., Canada,  
Dec. 22nd, 1899.

Mr. B. Davies, Canadian Government  
Agent, St. Paul, Minn.  
Dear Sir—As I promised you about  
two years ago that at some future time  
I would let you know what I thought  
of Western Canada and the chances of a  
poor man making a start and supporting  
a family at same time, so will write  
a few facts concerning my own ex-  
perience the past 21 months, and what I  
have done, any able-bodied man can do,  
provided he will work.

I left Traverse country, March 20th,  
1898, landed in Alameda at noon the  
21st, with \$3.55 in my pocket, a  
stranger and among strangers, and  
when my family came in Oct., 1898, my  
wife had nearly \$10, or barely enough  
to pay freight on her stove, sewing ma-  
chine and clothes and beds. I com-  
menced work March 28th, also made en-  
try for homestead same day (the man  
I started work for loaning me \$15 to  
pay entrance fee), and I have earned  
at least received \$478.10 in wages  
since then, and have been idle at least  
2 months of the 21 since I came. The  
homestead I took had 12 acres broke  
by a former occupant. I paid \$20  
to have it replowed in July, '98, and the  
seed wheat for it cost me \$8.25. I let  
it to a neighbor for 1/2 in elevator clear  
of all expense except the seed, and this  
fall I received \$20.10 for my part of  
the crops off of the 12 acres, so my total  
receipts the past 21 months has been  
\$548.10, and my expenses besides living  
for self and family have been as fol-  
lows:

Entrance fee (\$5.00-being paid  
for cancellation).....\$ 15.00  
Summer following 12 acres..... 20.00  
Seed for same..... 8.25  
Cost of house, besides my own  
labor on same..... 75.85  
20 acres of breaking and double  
discing same..... 60.00

My half of wheat.....\$179.10  
..... 70.10

Net expense on homestead.....\$109.60

We moved on our homestead July  
10th, 1899, have 32 acres in good shape  
for crops in 1900. My wife joins with  
me in sending best wishes to you and  
yours.

You can truly say to any poor man  
who pays a big rent to get a farm  
(somebody else's land) or works for  
wages to support a family, that I have  
personally tried both in Minnesota and  
tried hard to make a success of it, but  
found to my sorrow that after working  
hard a poor living was all I could get  
out of it, and after nearly 2 years of  
Western Canadian life I will say that  
I am very thankful to you for helping  
me to decide to try it in Canada.

Yours respectfully,  
W. H. KINKADE.

## RELEGATED THE HASH.

The Landlady Could Not Withstand  
the Onslaught of the Fac-  
tious Feeders.

In a certain boarding house, where variety  
was not the spice of life, and where hash  
was so frequent an occurrence that it would  
have been advertised for if it had come up  
missing, lived six boys, who were battling  
with a cold world and a colder landlady.

This perpetual hash grew monotonous,  
and the boys determined to banish it from  
the table, by fair means or foul. Accord-  
ingly, when they fled into the dining room  
on Monday morning and recognized the  
Sunday's roast served up in hash the first  
boy made a low howl and said:  
"Why, good morning, sir; I think I've met  
you before!"

The second shook his head mournfully and  
exclaimed: "The last sad state of Mr.  
Bee!"

"Ah, yes," said the third, "the poor fel-  
low is all cut up by the loss of his head."  
"The remains of a close friend," sighed the  
fourth.

"Yes, closer than a brother," assented the  
fifth.

"The victim of a terrible grind!" finished  
the sixth, as they took their places at table.

The landlady wore a haughty don't-know-  
what-you-mean air, but hash has no more  
been seen in their midst.—Memphis Semi-  
star.

## Missing Commendments.

The brilliant young preacher, when he  
makes his parochial calls, endeavors to  
cultivate an acquaintance with the de-  
velopment of the younger minds, thus af-  
ter a fashion keeping tab upon his Sunday  
school teachers.

The other afternoon while he was wait-  
ing in the drawing room of a beautiful Cas-  
sander residence for the delayed appear-  
ance of Elsie's mamma he was entertained  
by the little daughter herself. Talking her  
upon his leg, he began a review of the  
church lessons that had been given to a  
little maid of five.

"Can you tell me, Elsie, how many com-  
mendments there are?"

"Yes, sir; seven or eight."

"Oh, no, dear; there are ten."

"Yes, I know, there used to be, but I  
heard papa tell mamma yesterday that you  
had broken two or three of them at least,  
and that would leave only seven or eight,  
you know."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for  
April 1, 1900—The Beat-  
itudes.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matthew 4:23-32.)

23. And there followed Him great multi-  
tudes of people from Galilee, and from De-  
capolis, and from Jerusalem, and from  
Judea, and from beyond Jordan.

1. And seeing the multitude, He went up  
into a mountain; and when He was set,  
His disciples came unto Him:

2. And He opened His mouth, and taught  
them, saying:

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for  
their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn; for they  
shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek; for they shall in-  
herit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and  
thirst after righteousness; for they shall  
be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall  
obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they  
shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they  
shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted  
for righteousness' sake; for their's is the  
Kingdom of Heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile  
you, and persecute you, and shall say all  
manner of evil against you falsely, for my  
sake.

12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for  
great is your reward in Heaven; for so  
persecuted they the prophets which were  
before you.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Blessed are the pure  
in heart; for they shall see God.—Matt. 5:8.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A parallel to the lesson is found in  
Luke 6:12-26. In studying the lesson  
note:

(1) The Night in Prayer.....Luke 6: 12  
(2) Choosing the Twelve.....Luke 6:13-16  
(3) The Word "Blessed".....Matt. 5: 1-11  
(4) The Beatitudes Taken Sing-  
ly.....Matt. 5: 1-11

(5) The Beatitudes as a Whole.....Matt. 5: 1-11  
A Night in Prayer.—From Luke we  
learn that Jesus spent the whole night,  
preceding the choosing of the 12  
apostles and the utterance of His great  
sermon, in prayer.

The Word "Blessed."—This word is  
nine times repeated in nine consecu-  
tive verses. In paraphrasing the text  
the word "happy" has often been  
used. But "blessed" is more than  
"happy." The term is more nearly  
expressed if we speak of the "blessed"

as those who enjoy the favor of  
God.

The Beatitudes.—Of whom does  
Jesus speak as enjoying the favor of  
God? (1) "The poor in spirit." Those  
who realize their unworthiness before  
God, and who are conscious of sin and  
spiritual incompleteness. "Theirs is the  
Kingdom of Heaven." Because  
only to those who deeply feel their  
need of the highest things can the  
highest things bring satisfaction. It  
implies Heaven here and now, for a  
Christian character is a Heaven on  
earth.

(2) "They that mourn." Mourn in the  
earthly sense, and more for those who  
have to bear heavy burdens for the  
sake of Christ; but chiefly, perhaps,  
those who mourn their ignorance and  
sin. For all of these the consolation  
that Christ brings is the only com-  
fort that fills the soul. They shall in-  
deed be comforted.

(3) "The meek." This has come to be  
a despised term, as signifying  
those who are without stamina or  
character. On the contrary, it is a  
chief trait in every noble character,  
for meekness is mildness of temper,  
and patience under injuries. "For  
they shall inherit the earth." An old  
proverb has it that "all things come  
to him who waits." Patience and hu-  
mility are cardinal virtues.

(4) "They which do hunger and  
thirst after righteousness." It has  
been said that hunger and thirst are  
the strongest spurs to action. So it  
is not so much a promise as a law of  
nature that "they shall be filled."

(5) "The merciful." Those disposed  
to pity and spare; unwilling to give  
pain. These and mercy, for Love is  
the law of the kingdom of God, and  
those who pity and spare others are  
fulfilling the law of that kingdom.

(6) "The pure in heart." A man sees  
in others that which is within him-  
self. If he is selfish, he cannot real-  
ize that others can be unselfish. If  
he is impure, all the world is impure;  
but if he is pure in heart and mind,  
he begins to realize something of the  
character of the Holy God.

(7) "The peacemakers." If God is  
love, then He desires peace among His  
children. How natural that the  
peacemakers should be called the chil-  
dren of God.

(8) "They which are persecuted for  
righteousness' sake." Two conditions  
are necessary for this "blessed." One  
is that the persecution is for right-  
eousness' sake, and the other is that  
the evil spoken against you is uttered  
"falsely." There is strength in the  
consciousness of being right, and  
heaven manifests approval, no mat-  
ter what is the attitude of the world.

The Beatitudes as a Whole.—It has  
been pointed out that three of the  
beatitudes, the second, fourth and  
sixth, represent the inner life toward  
God. Curiously dovetailed with these,  
the third, fifth and seventh represent  
the outward manifestation of that in-  
ner life toward men. The first be-  
atitude concerning "the poor in  
spirit," is the condition cut of which  
all the others grow, and "the per-  
secuted" of the last beatitude are those  
who try to live the beatitudes out in  
this evil world. They will be per-  
secuted and must stand ready to sub-  
mit to the test

## Seed Thoughts.

His heart was as great as the world,  
out there was no room in it to hold  
the memory of wrong.—Emerson.

Our grand business in life is not to  
what lies dimly at a distance, but to  
do what lies clearly at hand.—Car-  
lyle.

Let faith postpone and trust awhile.  
It is no reason sons should take of-  
fense that the father giveth them  
not twice a year hire, as he doth to  
hired servants; better that God's heirs  
live upon hope than upon hire.—Sam-  
uel Rutherford.

## WHY AMERICANS WIN.

When They Climb a Ladder They  
Don't Require Anyone to  
Hold It.

One of the many reasons why American  
manufacturers are so successful compet-  
ing in foreign markets is to be found in  
the following episode, which occurred recently:

An American manufacturer of steam spe-  
cialties was visiting an English firm which  
made similar goods. A certain article which  
both firms made was under discussion.

"What is your price on this thing?" asked  
the American.

"Well, in your money, about \$10," replied  
the Englishman. "What does it cost you?"

"I'll deliver at your door all you want at  
seven dollars apiece," said the American.

"How in the world do you do it?"

"Well, I'll illustrate," answered the Amer-  
ican. "Look out of that window and across  
the street. See that man painting a sign?"

"Yes."

"He's on a ladder, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"See that other man sitting on the side-  
walk holding the foot of the ladder?"

"Yes."

"Now, in America we have ladders that  
stand up by themselves—don't need a man  
to hold 'em. So, you see, in this instance  
we do your cost of labor exactly by two."

"I see," remarked the Englishman.—Elec-  
trical Review.

New Use for Wireless Telegraphy.

Wireless telegraphy has had a new dem-  
onstration for usefulness by the captain of a  
lightship, who used it after ordinary signals  
had failed to notify the shore authorities of  
danger. In a like manner Hostetter's Stom-  
ach Bitters, the famous dyspepsia cure, acts  
when all other remedies fail. Its superior-  
ity is quickly felt in the renewal of strength.  
It regulates the bowels, improves the ap-  
petite, and cures indigestion. Try it.

## Shorthand Talk.

The courtroom was filled with people.  
The witness was a foreigner and was rep-  
lying volubly and at length in his native tongue  
to the queries of the lawyers.

While this was going on a young wit en-  
tered the courtroom and stood listening for  
a minute to the witness' answers. Then he  
remarked, dryly: "Say, what's he doing,  
talking shorthand?"—Detroit Free Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,  
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the  
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney  
& Co., doing business in the city of Toledo,  
Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said  
firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dol-  
lars for each and every case of catarrh that  
cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh  
Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me on my  
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D.  
1899.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and  
acts directly on the blood and mucous sur-  
face of the system. Send for testimonials,  
free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Too Great a Miracle.

Muggins—Poor Wigwag has gone insane.  
Buggins—You don't mean it!

"Yes," he started to calculate how much  
alimony Solomon would have to pay if  
he had lived in Chicago."—Philadelphia Rec-  
ord.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy,  
N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-  
Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It  
cures chafings, sweating, damp, swollen,  
itching feet. It makes new shoes tight, shoes  
easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bun-  
ions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

There are some women who always use  
the same kind of judgment in allowing a  
poor steak to be passed off on them that they  
allow a poor man to go in selecting a husband.—  
Athenian Globe.

"This is one of the little things that  
count," as the lecturer in the dime museum  
remarked in introducing the mathematical  
infant prodigy.—Town Topics.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All  
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There should be little or no pity for the  
man who has deliberately gone and got rich,  
knowing all the time that his wife had social  
aspirations.—Detroit Journal.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS  
DYES colors more than any other dye, and  
colors them better too. Sold by all  
druggists.

Don't give up a bill for lost. The fellow  
may get married and make it good.—Wash-  
ington (La.) Democrat.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of  
Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When a man has a day to himself he can't  
recall any of the things he longed to do  
when he was busy.—Athenian Globe.

For Whooping Cough, Pierce's Cure is a  
successful remedy. W. P. Dieter, 67 Throop  
Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

## THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, March 23.

LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, com'n 3.50 @ 4.25  
Select butchers ..... 4.40 @ 4.85  
Cows—No. 2 mixed ..... 3.50 @ 3.75  
HOGS—Select packers ..... 5.12 @ 5.15  
Mixed packers ..... 5.00 @ 5.10  
Light shippers ..... 4.75 @ 5.05  
SHEEP—Extra quality ..... 4.50 @ 5.00  
LAMBS—Extra ..... 7.00 @ 7.50  
FLOUR—Spring patent ..... 3.70 @ 3.90  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 72 1/2  
No. 3 ..... 71  
Corn No. 2 mixed ..... 29 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 mixed ..... 26  
Rye—No. 2 ..... 60  
HAY—Choice timothy ..... 61 1/2  
PROVISIONS—Mess pork ..... 12 1/2  
Lard ..... 11 1/2  
BUTTER—Choice dairy ..... 16 1/2 @ 18  
Creamery ..... 26  
APPLES—Choice quality ..... 4.75 @ 5.00  
POTATOES—Per brl ..... 1.65 @ 1.75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent ..... 3.40 @ 3.60  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 62  
No. 3 Chicago spring ..... 62  
Corn—No. 2 ..... 24 @ 24 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 ..... 21 @ 24 1/2  
Rye—No. 2 ..... 60 @ 62 1/2  
PORK—Mess ..... 11.20 @ 11.85  
LARD—Steam ..... 6.17 1/2 @ 6.25

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent ..... 3.70 @ 3.85  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 78 1/2  
Corn—No. 2 ..... 44 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 ..... 28 1/2  
Rye ..... 62  
PORK—Mess ..... 13.00 @ 13.50  
LARD—Steam ..... 6.55

FAMILY.

FLOUR—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 67 1/2 @ 67 3/4  
Southern ..... 68 @ 74  
Corn—No. 2 ..... 24 @ 24 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 mixed ..... 28 @ 28 1/2  
Rye—No. 2 western ..... 56 @ 57  
APPLES—Choice quality ..... 4.75 @ 5.00  
HOGS—Western ..... 5.60 @ 5.60

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 70 1/2  
Corn—No. 2 mixed ..... 26 1/2  
Oats—No. 2 ..... 24 @ 25 1/2  
Rye—No. 2 ..... 40  
PORK—Mess ..... 11.00 @ 11.50  
LARD—Steam ..... 6.00

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent ..... 4.25 @ 4.50  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red ..... 67 1/2  
Corn—No. 2 mixed ..... 26 @ 26 1/2  
Oats—Mixed ..... 24 @ 25  
PORK—Mess ..... 11.00 @ 11.50  
LARD—Steam ..... 6.00

# The Chief Justice of Samoa Says Peruna is The Very Best Catarrh Cure.



Court Room Scene where Judge Chambers maintained the supremacy of the United States in Samoa.

In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., Chief Justice Chambers says the following of Peruna:

"I have tried one bottle of Peruna, and I can truthfully say  
it is one of the best tonics I ever used, and I take pleasure in  
recommending it to all sufferers who are in need of a good  
medicine. I can recommend it as one of the very best remedies  
for catarrh."  
W. L. Chambers.

## To California Quickly and Comfort- ably

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-  
Western Lines. The Overland Limited  
leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San  
Francisco the afternoon of third day, and  
Los Angeles next morning. No change of  
cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet,  
smoking and library cars, with barber. "The  
best of everything." "The Pacific Express"  
leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-  
class and through tourist sleepers to Califor-  
nia. Personally conducted excursions every  
Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chi-  
cago & North-Western Ry. For full in-  
formation and illustrated pamphlet apply to  
W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## A Probable Result.

Asket—What will be the result of these  
Kansas editors and preachers changing  
places?

Tellit—The people will put pumpkins in  
the contribution plates and pay subscrip-  
tions in suspender buttons.—Baltimore  
American.

Low Rate Home Seekers' Excursions.

The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron  
Mountain Route are now running a series of  
excursions to the West and Southwest.  
Tickets on sale March 6th and 20th, April  
3d and 17th, at very low rates. Maps, fol-  
ders, time cards and illustrated pamphlets on  
the various states mailed free on application  
to H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

The best diplomat too sharp to be cut-  
ting.—Chicago Dispatch.

## ALABASTINE

Is a durable and natural coating  
for walls and ceilings, made ready for use by mixing with cold  
water, and cement that goes through a pro-  
cess of setting, hardens with age, and can be  
coated and recoated without washing off its  
old surface before renewing. Alabastine is made  
in white and fourteen beautiful tints. It is  
put up in five-pound packages in dry form,  
with complete directions on every package.

## ALABASTINE

Should not be confused with the cheap  
imitations, as it is entirely different from all the  
various kalsomines on the market, being dur-  
able and not stuck on the wall with glue.  
Alabastine customers should avoid getting  
cheap kalsomines under different names, by  
insisting on having the goods in packages  
properly labeled. They should reject all im-  
itations. There is nothing "just as good."

## ALABASTINE

Prevents much sickness, particularly throat  
and lung difficulties, attributable to unsanitary  
conditions. It is recommended in a paper  
published by the Michigan State Board of  
Health on account of its sanitary  
features, which prevent the spread of  
contagious diseases. Alabastine can be used on  
plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas,  
and any one can brush it on. It admits of rad-  
ical changes from wall paper decorations, thus  
securing at reasonable expense the latest and  
best effects. Alabastine is manufactured by the

ALABASTINE COMPANY, of  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, from  
whom all special information can be ob-  
tained. Write for instructive and interest-  
ing booklet, mailed free to all applicants.

C. B. Goldthwaite, Druggist, Troy,  
Ala., wrote, February 28, 1899,

"FOR GRANULATED EYELIDS,  
I would not take \$500.00 for the good

Palmer's Lotion  
has done my son, who had been in care  
of a physician for 15 months."

Lotion Soap  
Prevents and assists in curing sore eyes,  
and sore eyelids. At druggists only.

W. L. DOUGLAS  
\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION  
MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared  
with other makes.

Indorsed by over  
1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine W. L.  
Douglas name and price  
stamped on bottom. Take  
no substitute claimed to be  
as good. Your dealer  
should keep them. If  
not, we will send a pair  
on receipt of price and age  
extra for carriage. State kind of leather,  
size, and width, also cap toe. Cat. free.  
W. L. DOUGLAS, 219 N. BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

Dr. Bull's  
Cough Syrup

The best remedy for  
children and adults.  
Cures all coughs,  
colds, croup, whooping  
cough, asthma, grippe,  
bronchitis and incipient consump-  
tion. Price 25c.

Top Snap  
Complete  
Double  
Shot  
GUNS.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile  
Cure will cure all  
Piles. It absorbs the  
tumors, allays the itching  
and cure, acts as a  
purgative, gives instant re-  
lief from Piles, and  
"healing of the private  
parts." At druggists and  
all on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00.  
WILLIAMS' PILE CURE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



## Virginia Sketches.

By A. SOJOURNER.

Scott county, Virginia is the second county from Cumberland Gap, and joins Tennessee. The best part of the county is in the Clinch Valley which lies in the center. This valley is bounded on the south side by the Clinch Mountains. Almost all of it can be cultivated and most of it is under cultivation, yet many people would not care to cultivate it. The Geology of the valley is very peculiar. When old Ocean held full sway over all that region, a terrible convulsion of the interior of the earth made a great rent in the crust in line with the general trend of the Appalachian Mountains. On the north west side of this fault the strata of rock is almost level but on the south east side the strata inclines about 35 degrees to the southeast. Because of this edgewise position of the rock, all the rainfall penetrates the earth, instead of running off in branches. It is a peculiar sight to see vast areas of land without a single rivulet, and without any visible outlet for the water. Large caverns and caves are formed in this upturned strata and as the water found its way downward it carried the surface earth down, forming a great many sinks. In some of which, sink holes are yet found opening into caverns below. The only streams of water in that section are the creeks formed by large springs which flow directly from the crevices of the rocks. These creeks are the most industrious things to be seen in the Clinch Valley. Where the first spring flows from the hills a dam is made of boards about three feet long set on end. The water held by this dam is led a few rods through a square trough about one foot wide, to a little over-shot wheel, which runs the lathe of an old time chair factory. Thus in the very insufficiency of the creek it is taught to make itself useful. From there it travels about a mile, being increased in volume and power by other gushing springs. It then enters a larger race, about two feet wide and three inches deep, and comes in contact with a twenty-foot over shot wheel with a three foot face. This wheel has the honor of running a pair of thirty-inch corn buhrs. The water is hardly rested from this arduous task, when it is again inclined into a race and is harnessed to a sixteen-foot wheel with a thirty-eight-inch face, which runs another corn mill. With this experience and with a few springs added to the volume of water, the creek assumes a sufficient importance to be hitched to a roller flour mill. Can any person be so useful to a community? The corn and wheat is carried to these mills on horses, the roads being better adapted to that mode of traveling. The boys usually ride on the sacks, but sometimes the family has no mill-boy, then the man of the house goes; if he is too busy, his wife or daughter goes to mill. While in that valley time rolled backward almost half a century, and I became a mill-boy again, seated on a sack of corn which rested on a sack of wheat, on the back of one of their large, stout farm horses. I went to the corn-mill and found a man cutting wood in front of the mill. I asked the man if he was the miller, he said, "sometimes." I said, "I want this to be one of the sometimes." We left the turn of corn and went to the roller mill. Upon returning the real miller was there. It was the "sometimes" miller's wife. The corn-mill which is near this one, has the owner's twenty-year-old daughter for a miller. During the late cold spell, I saw her out by the wheel knocking the ice off of it with a large stick as the wheel rolled around. It takes about 500 pounds of water to run the wheel. During the fall, the creek was low, owing to the very dry weather, and the miller said she could only grind about ten or twelve bushels a day. The toll is one-eighth. The toll of twelve bushels is one and a half bushels, which at forty cents, the market price, would be sixty cents per day for a mill and miller.

To be continued.

## Receipt For The Wedding Cake.

Five pounds of devotion, three pounds extract of faithfulness, four quarts heartfelt satisfaction, one pound each of prudence and good nature, two pounds each of confidence and mutual forbearance, same of matrimonial fidelity, eight ounces each of gentleness and modesty, three quarts of enjoyment, patience, industry and economy in unlimited quantities, (cannot be too much,) fifteen ounces of wisdom and experience, a gallon of milk of human kindness, five pints cream of excellence, same of common sense, spice well with sweetness of disposition, mix thoroughly with cheerfulness, pour into the golden bowl of domestic happiness, lubricated with the oil of gladness, and bake in the oven of double blessedness, heated by the fire of true love.

The *Pantagraph* of last Friday contains the following:—"We are in receipt of the Berea Quarterly, published at Berea under the management of President Frost and members of Berea College faculty. Among the many interesting things in this number of the Quarterly is an illustrated article, entitled 'Mountain Types.' At this time such a subject demands attention at once on account of the present political chaos in Kentucky with which the mountain people have been so shamefully associated. The article is not based on politics or severe partisanship. It gives numerous illustrations of the types of humanity from the mountain region now attending school at Berea, and it is pleasing to find among them sketches of boys who are making their way, unaided and alone in the race for knowledge. Here we find true Anglo-Saxon blood and excellent material for ideal men and women. From those shadowy hills come these humble creatures of God, types of humanity too often scorned and slandered by those who have enjoyed better advantages, educationally, religiously, socially, morally and otherwise. We do not endeavor to make the argument that the mountain section is without its desperadoes and law-breakers. These specimens are there to be sure. But it is absurd to say that these characters are confined entirely to the mountains. They are here—in the Blue Grass too, where the Bible is constantly spread open and where church bells chime almost hourly. Hence it is unfair to charge that the mountains of Kentucky are inhabited only by ruffians and thugs, and it is a duty we owe them to give the defense they deserve."

The Judiciary Committee will probably report Congressman Bouring's bill to divide Kentucky into two Federal court districts. It provides that the territory embraced in the following counties as now constituted, namely: Carroll, Owen, Franklin, Woodford, Jessamine, Garrard; Lincoln, Pulaski, and Wayne, together with all that part of the state of Kentucky lying east of said counties, shall compose and be called the Eastern district of Kentucky, and that all that part of the State west of said counties and not embraced in the Eastern district shall compose and be called the Western district of Kentucky.

"Europe is expending on her armies \$814,000,000 annually. No wonder the children of the Old World have been seeking a new home! Should the homes of the people be loaded down with billions of debt in order that some heartless murderer may wear a diadem? The wretches that have wrought this desolation are the panthers, the hyenas, and the ghouls of humanity. Let the time soon come prayed for by the poet:

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle-flags are furled  
In the parliament of man,  
The federation of world."

## Washington County. Springfield.

Mrs. James Key is on the sick list. Mrs. G. W. Hundley is having her dwelling remodeled.

Born, to the wife of Joseph McIn-tire, a fine daughter.

John Taryee came home from Louisville, and is ill at his home.

Rev. Campbell has taken up his abode with Rev. and Mrs. Nichols.

Some were disappointed in attending the baptizing in Lebanon last Sunday, on account of the inclement weather.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grundy spent a few days in Jamestown, with their son Samuel.

Horace Coleman was called to the bedside of his sister Ellen, who is very ill in Louisville.

O. G. Duff was here from Louisville this week, and has moved his household goods to that place.

## Owsley County.

Gabbard.

A. C. Gabbard, of Booneville was here last week on business.

Albert and Wm. States, sold two yoke of oxen to G. B. Rose.

Issac Bowman, of Jackson county, was here last week on business.

The farmers are preparing for corn as the weather permits them to do so.

Corn is very scarce in this neighborhood, selling from 50 to 75 cents per bushel.

W. T. Minter, of Booneville, was here last week with his wagon and team after oats.

Michael H. Gabbard has moved over on Wolf Creek, and Samuel Combs has moved into the house vacated by him.

A heavy snow fell here last Thursday night about eight inches in depth, causing us to believe spring weather was to come late.

## Jackson County. Evergreen.

Mrs. Sallie Hellard is very ill with heart trouble.

John Simpson was the guest of Susan Jones Sunday.

Miss Maude Lake of this locality, is at Mr. Woods this week.

Your correspondent has been very sick the past week, but is improving.

Mrs. Sarah Lunsford of Wallace-ton, visited her mother last week of this place.

Franklin Marcum is getting ahead of the boys selling goods. We all think well of our new customer.

The little child of Peter Rose, who had pneumonia, is dead. Everybody sympathizes with them in their bereavement.

W. T. Short, U. S. marshal, arrested Robert Maupin for making "moonshine," and he is at Mt. Vernon awaiting trial.

Charlie M. Mullins of Withers, Rockcastle county, visited J. W. Lake Sunday, enroute for Clover Bottom. We were glad to have him with us.

Louis Owens, of Rockcastle, says a few days ago when it was new moon, that he saw two moons. They were connected with a red stripe. Everybody is aroused, and don't know what to think.

Green Hall.

Wm. Venable and wife will move to Tennessee soon.

Miss Lena Flanery is visiting her brother, E. B. Flanery, of Maulden.

Mrs. Wm. Robertson is very low with consumption.

Farmers are very busy now sowing oats.

W. E. Minter has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. D. G. Collier, of McKee.

James E. Wilson and wife are visiting their children, who are attending school at London.

Mrs. Lizzie Mudman, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fennel, has returned home and reports a pleasant visit.

L. G. Scott, of Virginia, has been visiting friends and relatives in Jackson and Owsley. We were glad to have Mr. Scott in our midst.

Mrs. Sarah E. Smith, wife of John Smith, died March 15. She had suffered for fifteen years with Dropsy and bore her sufferings with patience until the Lord called her home to dwell with him above where suffering will be no more.

To allay pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers, the most satisfactory results are obtained by using BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. Price, 25 cts. and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

### THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

#### Encouragement.

The child looks to the mother for help and encouragement, when it is taking its first step in walking. The school boy looks for encouragement from the teacher, when he is taking his first step in education.

And so on through life. The soldier looks for it on the field of battle; it is the cheering voice of his leader that urges him on through the dangers of death, and crowns the day with victory.

The poet and the artist look to the world to acknowledge their genius and give them praise. It is encouragement which calls forth their noblest words and helps them to climb the mount of fame until they surmount all difficulties and write their names in flaming letters upon its summit.

Then let us give encouragement to each other in every effort of good, in every noble action, in the little duties of life—and we will be happier for it; the world will be better, and a smiling Providence will look down and bless our labor of love.

#### Spring Cleaning.

When the wise housekeeper begins her house-cleaning, she fortifies herself with a goodly store of eatables, so that her family are as well fed as usual, and their sweetness of temper, as well as her own, preserved; also that the unexpected guest may find a comfortable meal.

One hour of planning may save several unpleasant hours in the days to follow. We find it best to clean cellars, closets, and bureau drawers; sort and rearrange all their contents; overhaul trunks, wardrobes, and boxes, sew on buttons, and repair the spring clothing first.

Then we take some Monday, as the surest day for all our dear friends to be at home busied with their own affairs, and clean our parlor, and set all in order.

Next we clean the upper rooms and finish with the sitting-room, from which the stove cannot be spared till the warm weather is established, for the health of our family must always be the first consideration.

We find an empty box or barrel convenient to receive things "unclassified," which always turn up and puzzle one as to their value or place. "Ichabod" always advises that we "look in the rag-box" for missing treasures after cleaning time.

My fad is for rag-bags of turkey red calico, with white letters—wool, cotton, bandages, linen, new muslin, sewed in on the machine; then no time is lost hunting each sort when needed.

Medicine bottles should be carefully examined and labels secured, or contents emptied and bottles cleaned thoroughly; then put on the stove in a basin of cool water with salt or ammonia, and allowed to scald: thus they are useful again.

The great mistake young housekeepers make is hurrying and in lack of planning. Take it coolly. "One thing at a time, and that done well."

### THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Most of us have read Edward E. Hale's story, "A Man without a Country."

It affects us strangely. We can hardly imagine ourselves adrift, having no family ties, no bonds holding us to native land.

It seems to me that there is more in it than lies on the surface. To belong to a country, to feel that it belongs to you!

How much of privilege and responsibility it suggests; how many lines of relationship it implies!

There is a story of an errand boy who having been employed with a company only one day, came rushing into the office cheering loudly at some piece of good news that had come to the "company" saying "Hurrah for our Firm." The manager was pleased at the hearty way in which the boy new made their interests his own, and watched him, finding as would be expected, that all of the boy's work showed the same whole hearted co-operation.

I know some people who have stood around for years waiting for "something to turn up," taking no active part in any of life's great interests, acting wronged if they were even elbowed out of the way of busy, earnest people who were trying to do their work. I know no better recipe for a complete failure in life than "Wait till you are sure of results before you enter heartily into any enterprise. And be sure that you like everybody and everything connected with it before you touch it."

Would you succeed? Then learn the power of active co-operation in some noble cause. Let it be an unpopular one if you will, but, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." The men who, in the cause of Abolition, were mobbed, despised, and made to suffer loss of property and position, were men equal to being classed with those "of whom the world was not worthy."

Whittier and Lowell wrote stirring poems in the cause of Freedom. Wendell Phillips lent his eloquent voice and manly heart to the cause. Hundreds of obscure men braved danger and denunciation in the interests of the oppressed.

All burning questions were not settled when the slaves were freed. We, inheritors of a great past, need not languish in idleness because there are no tasks awaiting us.

To-day as ever,

"They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three."

Our attitude toward lesser questions, obscure duties will determine what we shall do when any great crisis comes.

Are there no problems in our homes, our town, our State, our country that should enlist our best thoughts, our most courageous efforts? "No man liveth to himself," but so little do some of us touch other lives that we can hardly be said to live at all.

Let us espouse some real "cause," some definite work, in a spirit that will make us ready for greater opportunities should they come.

### THE FARM.

#### How to Treat Timber Lot.

Abstract of Ernest Bruncken's Address at Farmer's Institute at Delavan, Wis.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. I take it for granted that most of you, together with all other farmers of the state, think it worth while to maintain a few acres of your land in timber. You all need a wood lot for fencing material, fire wood, summer pasture for your cattle, and a score of other benefits to be derived from it. Some of you may even be so situated that you can sell an occasional log to the lumber mill, or the stove factory, and get a little cash for it.

I take it further for granted that you all want your timber lot to last as long as the farm does, in other words, forever. Now the question arises: Do you all treat your timber lots in such a way as to ensure the best results from them, together with the best insurance for their permanency? How to do this shall be the subject of my discourse.

Now I want to caution you, first of all, that I cannot give you a ready made receipt how to treat your wood lots. Nobody can do that, any more than he can give you such a receipt for your fields or your dairies. It takes intelligence to get good results in this as in every other operation of the farmer. Each wood lot must be taken by itself, and managed according to the particular requirements of the owner, the conditions of the soil, and the nature of the trees with which it is stocked. All the forester can do is to call your attention to some leading principles of the care of forest-maintenance or silviculture, and then you must go and yourselves work out the salvation of your wood-lots.

Perhaps the most important principles to be observed in managing a wood lot are the proper preservation of soil fertility and appropriate care for reproduction. These are the very things which the average farmer neglects most. I believe the most common plan observed by those farmers who give any thought at all to the matter, is to cut out, year after year, the oldest and largest trees. In doing so, they undoubtedly believe that they are giving the young growth a chance to flourish and take the place of their elders. But in exceptional cases only can the permanence of a forest be insured in this simple way; a very little thought will show why this is so.

First of all, cut down the very old trees, those that are becoming stag-headed or hollow. These will grow worse every year if allowed to remain, and in the meantime they take up room and prevent new growth. Next take out the small trees that are diseased or otherwise inferior and do not look as if they would ever make rapid growth. Having thus got rid of the cripples and paupers, make up your mind what species of tree you want to favor and what varieties you want to suppress. This question must be decided according to circumstances. As a general thing, white oak, red oak and hard maple are always worth having. Butternut, cherry, bass wood, are very good where they can be sold for timber to factories. Popular is ordinarily worthless, but in some places can be sold at a fair price. Ironwood, hawthorne, crab apple are ornamental at best, but of no practical value. What ever decision you arrive at, cut out what for your purposes are weeds, as you go along, each tree of this kind cut out makes room for a better one to grow. In this way you will after a few years find your wood lot marvously improved and composed of nothing but sound, healthy trees of the most valuable kinds.—Wisconsin Agriculturist. (To be continued.)



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